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EXTRA TOILING ON.

Albert Still Holding the Lead
in the Garden.

A Fair Chance that He Will
Break the Record.

Britisher Conners Too Stiff to
Continue in the Contest.

Sullivan, the Bangor Ghost,
Faints on the Track.

Albert Promises to Do 100 Miles To-Day—
Parson Tilly Delays Well in a Lined
Duster—Arab Stout Making a Hopeless
Effort—Day and His "Oh, Mary!" Over-
turning the Dismal Predictions of His
Friends—Taylor the Freshman Man in the
Early Morning—Harty Going in a Long-
Geared Running Gait—The Colored Boy,
Hart, in No Great Hurry—Golden Reel-
ing Off the Laps at a Dog Trot—Little
Vint Feeling Better—The Swift-Footed
Greaser Going to Pieces.

THE SCORE AT 4 P. M.

| No. | Name | Time | No. | Name | Time |
|-----|----------|------|-----|----------|------|
| 1 | Albert | 2:08 | 11 | Moore | 2:46 |
| 2 | Guerrero | 2:10 | 12 | Vint | 2:50 |
| 3 | Stout | 2:12 | 13 | Collins | 2:52 |
| 4 | Harty | 2:14 | 14 | Sullivan | 2:54 |
| 5 | Day | 2:16 | 15 | Strokel | 2:56 |
| 6 | Golden | 2:18 | 16 | Moore | 2:58 |
| 7 | Moore | 2:20 | 17 | Taylor | 3:00 |
| 8 | Stout | 2:22 | 18 | Collins | 3:02 |
| 9 | Harty | 2:24 | 19 | Sullivan | 3:04 |
| 10 | Day | 2:26 | 20 | Strokel | 3:06 |

The six-day go-as-you-please race in Madison Square Garden had a little more interest to-day because of the chances that Albert, the leader, will beat the record of 610 miles made by Fitzgerald in 1884.

If Albert follows his present policy and keeps up his lick as he says that he can, he will stand a good chance of topping Fitzgerald's record. To-day he was going easily a good way ahead of Fitzgerald's score for the same time.

It was foggy, cold and dreary outside this morning, and inside Madison Square Garden, when the gas company and the almanac officially announced that night was ended and another day begun, which was some little time before Old Sol roused himself and began to make feeble efforts to throw a little light through the skylights down upon the sawdust track of the six-day go-as-you-please, twenty of the half-hundred starters in the great endurance race still remained in the procession.

The others had fallen by the way, the victims of blistered feet, strained ankles, gripping stomachs, swollen knees, inflamed lungs and other ailments not counted on when the unfortunate so bravely and confidently paid in their \$25 entry fee and confidentially informed their friends that they were good for three months on the track at six miles an hour.

When the day dawned Jimmie Albert still led. He had never done anything else in thirty hours or more. And now he seemed to be still good for a week. Yesterday morning he said quietly: "I have laid out 100 miles for my work for to-day. I shall have 235 miles at midnight."

He did better than that. He had 238 miles to his credit when the midnight score was recorded. Then he took two hours' sleep, after which he did five miles an hour until daybreak.

The struggling audience, or that small portion of it that was awake, clapped their hands sleepily on his return to the track, but there was another encouragement than that to the quiet, smiling fellow who plods and is a gentleman. His opponent, none of them overtaken him while he slept.

Panchot had slept. Guerrero had slept, and Hart and Harty alone had kept up their sawdust-trotting.

At 6 o'clock there were only two laps between Guerrero and Panchot, but they were still six weary miles behind Albert. Hart and Harty must go more than a hundred times around the ever lengthening track before they can reach his figure.

Parson Tilly's lean frame was covered by a linen duster, and he walked dejectedly, although he had regained much of the ground lost in his long sleep of Monday and was not lost in the race.

Taylor, the Vermont pie-eater, was the freshest man on the track, despite his big body and many years.

He still wore his merino shirt, linen trousers, blue suspenders, blue socks and emulsion advertisement.

THE REV. MR. TILLY. He walked quietly in a brown study. When the newsboys arrived, "Norm" bought THE WORLD and read it as he walked.

Stout, the Arab, had "folded his tent," figuratively, and "slid into slumber" to sleep. He was at the bottom of the list, and despite his confident boasts of how he would do a waiting race so easy, he had never once made his four and a half miles in an hour.

Despite the gloomy forebodings of his expert friends, Sam Day and his war-cry, "Oh, Mary!" were still on the track and in good spirits. In fact Sam had hinted freely for several hours something about spirits. He was ninth in the race at daybreak.

Dan Harty put out the others by setting a long-geared running gait during the night, and the rest had testified their discomfort by dropping the gait after trying it with him for a few rounds. But Harty was not fresh.

Frank Hart, the "cheerful colored boy," was the cleanest and most unconcerned of the twenty men on the track. He was in no hurry, but kept going.

Little Conners, the Britisher, was in his hut and was reported to be in not the best condition.

Petey Golden, still good-natured, looked haggard and strained. He smiled weakly when asked how he felt, and then did a couple of turns at a dog trot to show how he would answer.

Harty Vint felt better than yesterday, and ran with the others.

Wyatt Collins, of whom it was predicted yesterday that he would fall down before nightfall, still kept up his slow but steady walk nearly at the bottom of the list.

Noremac's condition was also better than it was yesterday, and his eye more hopeful.

Panchot had regained the second place, lost to Guerrero during last evening, and was two miles ahead at cockcrow.

What was done for the first six hours of the third day of the race is shown in this table:

| | | | | | | |
|----------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| Albert | 262.6 | 267.4 | 273.0 | 277.6 | 282.6 | 288.8 |
| Guerrero | 258.5 | 263.0 | 268.5 | 273.0 | 278.0 | 284.0 |
| Panchito | 254.5 | 259.0 | 264.0 | 269.0 | 274.0 | 280.0 |
| Harty | 248.4 | 253.0 | 258.0 | 263.0 | 267.5 | 273.0 |
| Day | 247.9 | 252.0 | 257.0 | 262.0 | 266.5 | 272.0 |
| Golden | 243.1 | 247.4 | 252.0 | 256.4 | 261.4 | 266.4 |
| Moore | 238.0 | 242.0 | 246.0 | 250.0 | 254.4 | 259.0 |
| Stout | 231.0 | 235.0 | 239.0 | 243.0 | 247.0 | 252.0 |
| Strokes | 216.4 | 221.4 | 226.5 | 231.0 | 236.7 | 242.2 |
| Norense | 208.4 | 212.7 | 217.0 | 222.2 | 227.0 | 232.7 |
| Stout | 201.0 | 205.0 | 209.0 | 214.0 | 218.0 | 223.0 |
| Dillon | 188.4 | 192.5 | 196.4 | 199.4 | 202.7 | 206.0 |
| Stout | 188.7 | 192.8 | 196.4 | 199.4 | 202.8 | 206.0 |
| Combs | 176.0 | 180.1 | 184.0 | 188.0 | 192.0 | 196.0 |
| Smith | 174.0 | 178.1 | 181.0 | 184.8 | 188.7 | 192.5 |
| Collins | 173.4 | 177.4 | 181.2 | 184.2 | 187.0 | 190.0 |
| Taylor | 167.6 | 171.6 | 175.0 | 178.2 | 181.0 | 184.0 |
| Stout | 165.0 | 169.0 | 172.0 | 175.0 | 178.0 | 181.0 |
| Collins | 162.6 | 166.4 | 170.0 | 173.0 | 176.0 | 179.0 |
| Stout | 159.7 | 163.0 | 166.0 | 169.0 | 172.0 | 175.0 |
| Stout | 139.7 | 143.0 | 146.1 | 149.1 | 152.1 | 155.1 |